

# THE GALLAUDET GUIDE, AND DEAF-MUTES' COMPANION.

An Independent Monthly Journal - - - Devoted to the Interests of Deaf Mutes.

VOL. 2.

AMOS SMITH, JR.  
Editor.

BOSTON, MASS., SEPTEMBER, 1861.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.  
Payable in Advance.

NO. 9.

## The Gallaudet Guide,

### AND DEAF-MUTES' COMPANION.

Published on the First of every month by "THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES."

Devoted to the interests of Deaf Mutes in particular, but designed to contribute to the information of all.

TERMS.—\$1.00 a year, invariably in advance. Subscriptions should be sent to CHAS. BARRETT, Esq., care of WILLIAM G. CLARK, No. 5 1/2 Joy's Building, Boston, Mass.

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### Who can he be.

On Monday night a walk I took  
To visit Mrs. Ray,  
And being very friendly there,  
Was warmly pressed to stay;  
But when I reached my home again,  
Such a surprise for me!  
"A handsome gentleman had called!"  
But, oh! who can he be?

The servant oped the door to him;  
He asked to see Miss Jane;  
Of course she told him I was out,  
And would he call again?  
His height was tall, his figure good,  
His features fair to see—  
He did not leave his card—oh, dear!  
Whoever can he be?

He said he knew me very well,  
He met me at a ball;  
I don't remember him, indeed,  
I danced with short and tall.  
If he had left his card with her,  
Then I should plainly see  
What motive he had thus to come—  
"Tis strange—who can he be?"

'Tis always thus when one is out,  
Somebody's sure to call;  
But when I'm in the house all day,  
Then no one comes at all.  
From what the servant said of him,  
And what he said of me,  
I'd really give a crown to know  
Who this handsome man can be.

Indeed, I think, I'll advertise;  
Ah! that will be the plan;  
And head it thus: "Lost, strayed or stolen,  
A model of a man!"  
My heart will break, it surely will,  
If I don't quickly see  
The gent who called on Monday night—  
Whoever he can be? M. L. M.

### My Help.

OR, STOPPING THE LEAK, A DOMESTIC SKETCH.

BY CHARLES HENRY DAY.

THERE was a leak somewhere. For several months my grocery bill had been enormous, for a small family, consisting of myself, Mrs. Page, her mother, and Master Page, junior. Then there was Miss Bridget O'Daily, the maid of all work, who came in for her share of the rations, although she did not belong to the family proper.

I was at the time a salesman in a large dry goods establishment, and barely made a live of it, my salary being small. One evening on my way home from the store, I stopped in at the grocer's and inquired the amount of my bill for the past month,

having received my salary. I always make it a rule to pay all my debts as soon as I receive my wages. The amount staggered me. I asked the grocer to allow me to look at the items upon his book, and he acquiesced. I ran them over hastily, and found that the bulk of the bill consisted of tea, coffee, spices, sugar, and the expensive little luxuries of housekeeping.

"Your family makes way with a great quantity of goods, Mr. Page," said the grocer.

"There's a leak somewhere," I rejoined, counting out the amount of the bill.

"If I was to guess where it is, I should say that Miss Bridget was the cause."

"Perhaps," I said, with a suspicion aroused in my mind.

On the way home I thought the matter over, and determined on a course of action. Arriving at home, I conferred with Mrs. Page, who was perfectly astounded at the sum of the grocer's bill. She was greatly disappointed. Master Page, junior, wanted a pair of red-top boots. Mrs. Page a new collar, and I was in sad want of a neck-handkerchief, and after paying the butcher and milkman, there would be only a few shillings left.

There was no use of crying after the milk was spilt, but I was determined, if possible to remedy it, and prevent its repetition in the future. After supper Mrs. Page kept Bridget at work in her room. Taking the opportunity, I slipped into the kitchen, and hastily examined the cupboard which contained the groceries. I noted the amount of sugar in the bucket, tea in the canister, etc. I was about to close the door, when a well-filled bag upon the upper shelf caught my eye. It was beyond my reach, and taking a chair I was enabled to possess myself of it.

Opening it, I found that it contained a general assortment of groceries—half a pound of tea, two pounds of brown, a pound of white, and a neat little package of pulverized sugar, half a bar of soap, a small vial containing some of my wife's "Lubin," one pocket-handkerchief, ("which must have blown away with the wash,") one box of pepper, which had never been opened, three nutmegs, half a box of cinnamon, and ditto of allspice and cloves, about five pounds each of flour and meal, three spoons of thread, a score of needles, thrust into a bit of cloth, the last number of the paper, which I had not even read, ("an' sure, Master Page must have tore it up,") a huge piece of ham and dried beef.

Enough to commence housekeeping with! Why, it was a back load! I placed the bag back on the shelf, and joined Mrs. Page. Miss O'Daily was dismissed, and then I made known the discovery to my wife.

I came to the conclusion that as the bag was prepared, Bridget would dispose of it on that very evening. My library was in the back part of the house—for so I called it. It was a cozy little room, where I delighted to sit of an evening, free from the noise of the street, and read. From the window a view of the back yard could be obtained, and here I resolved to establish myself, and keep a good look-out for the thief. I might have come out on Miss O'Daily at once, and discharged her, but I wished to satisfy my curiosity.

At the usual hour for retiring I went to my room with Mrs. P., but immediately stole silently down stairs again in my slippered feet, and took my position by the library window. I had scarce seated myself when I heard Bridget coming stealthily up the stairs from the basement.

She was enveloped in a large shawl, which scarce hid the proportions of the bag well filled from my ladder. She opened the door, and closed it noiselessly. I saw her walk across the yard, and then I followed. I kept close behind her, and noted every motion. She laid the bag close beside the fence among some weeds, and then turned and hurried back to the house. Securing that which belonged to me, I fell back a rod or two, to await further developments.

Some ten minutes passed away, and the head of a son of "Erin's fairisle, the gem of the sea," appeared over the fence. I recognized him as one of the "cousins" who had been in the habit of visiting Miss O'Daily. The next moment he sprang into the garden, and searched about for the prize.

With an exclamation of disappointment, he jumped over the fence and went slowly away, mumbling to himself. I flung the bag over my shoulder and entered the house.

Mrs. Page, with myself, rejoiced at the success of my detective operations, and she voted me a second Vidocq.

The next morning I summoned Miss Bridget O'Daily into my presence, and charged her with the theft of the groceries and provisions.

She denied "the soft impeachment," and protested her innocence. I exhibited the proof of my assertions, "with a few appropriate remarks," when she declared that "they were only a few delicacies for her sick cousin!"

I declared our union dissolved, gave her her walking papers, and showed her out of the house. By so doing I stopped more than one leak, and from that time Mrs. Page did her own work, with the assistance of her mother.

The next month my grocer's bill was smaller. Mrs. Page had a new collar, grandmother a new dress, Master Page, junior, a pair of red-topped boots, and myself the much-needed neck-tie, and after making all these purchases, there was still quite a snug little sum remaining.

Reader, have you a leak in your household? If so stop it.

### Matrimonial Felicities.

BY A CONTENTED MAN.

My wife has gone to visit her mother.

I am happy to be able to state that the children accompanied her. Peace, quietness and felicity reign in my dwelling. I come and go unquestioned. I stay out late at night without fear of rebuke. I lie abed of mornings, and no one insists on my getting up. My friends pass the evening with me, and there be none who tell me the next day that the window-curtains are filled with tobacco smoke, and the parlor has the fragrance of a bar-room. If two or three friends come home to dine with me, the cook never asks why I brought them, nor complains of a headache. What is more, she does not insist upon having a new silk dress every week, nor burst into tears if I utter crude and naughty words. The fact is, if there be one thing I like more than another, it is to have my wife visit her mother.

I take advantage of my wife's absence to renew the acquaintance of the young ladies whom I met at the balls and hops which I attended last winter, when my wife thought business kept me down town. Several of these interesting young ladies I have had the pleasure of escorting to various places of amusement the past week.

Having resolved to enjoy myself during my wife's absence, I have determined to leave no legitimate source of pleasure untried. In pursuance of this plan, I visited "Nestledown"—the name of a friend's villa on Long Island. I went there, supposing that my friend's wife and daughters were alone, and that he was visiting the curies around Washington. He returned from there the very day I went to Nestledown. After all it was as well, perhaps, that he did, for this stepping into the bosom of a man's family in his absence may not be just the thing. I wonder if any one will pay particular attention to my wife while she is with her mother? I was very cordially received at Nestledown, and dined on broiled spring chicken and fresh green peas. For dessert I partook of strawberries and cream. Now if there be one thing I like more than another, it is a dinner of this kind.

In the evening we drove to Little Neck, on the north side of the island, and had a clam-bake. I think a clam-bake is an excellent institution. In my opinion it is better than a turtle-soup feast or a chowder party. In olden times when moustaches were not worn, turtle soup and clam or cod chowder were not bad to take; but in these days they are objectionable points.

While the clams were being baked, the Nestledowners and myself took a row on the bay. Although our party was not large, we yet occupied two skiffs. I forgot to say that we engaged a distinguished artist to accompany us for the purpose of making a sketch of the clam-bake. The picture he painted is a pleasing reminiscence of the evening; but fails to convey a correct idea of a clam-bake.

It is very delightful to float on still waters in pretty skiffs, when the full moon, just rising, sheds a silvery light around, and the red blaze of a fire flickers fantastically through the leafy trees, and the air is mild and the night enchanting. The young ladies, seated in the stern of the boat, enjoyed this thing amazingly; but neither the artist nor myself, who blistered our hands in rowing, appreciated it as they did. I confess I enjoyed eating the clams more than I did anything else. My knowledge of clams is quite limited, but my powers of observation are keen. I noticed that Mr. Nestledown selected only the small clams for his plate, and kept pushing the large ones toward mine. I regarded this as extremely kind and polite in him, and lest he should rob himself of all the fine large ones, I placed two or three of them upon his plate. But he courteously put them aside, as if they were better than he deserved. I now think they were. Curiosity led me to try one of the small ones, and thenceforward I devoted my attention solely to them. I think India rubber over-shoes are made of large clams; but if there be one thing I like more than another, it is the small clam from the shores of Long Island.

I observed that the darkies of this neighborhood are a speciality. They are great on the double-shuffle, the pigeon-wing, and that class of antics. While we were eating our clams, a gang of them were displaying their dancing abilities near by, varied with an occasional negro melody. On the whole, I enjoyed the drive, the row on the bay, the clams, and the dancing very much, and went back to Nestledown exceedingly contented.

The next day, on my return to the city, I wrote a poetical epistle to my wife, which, for the benefit of husbands whose wives may be away from home, I herewith transcribe:

### TO MY ABSENT WIFE.

I miss thee more than words can tell;  
My heart is filled with pain and woe,  
My voice sounds like a funeral knell,  
And grief is mine where'er I go.

Tears, bitter tears, bedew my cheek,  
And weary sighs my bosom fill;  
For, ah! I've missed this long, long week,  
The kisses which my soul would thrill.

In ceaseless toil I pass each day,  
My dreams at night are all of thee;  
I've lost the power of being gay,  
And only gloomy pictures see.

I wonder if the sky is blue,  
And if the trees are robed in green;  
If juleps are not made with rue,  
And happy people e're are seen.

Indeed, I feel that I have grown  
Quite old since thou wert at my side;  
'Tis wrong to leave me thus alone,  
For thou wast such a joy and pride.

Still, for thyself, my dear, I trust  
Thou art enjoying every good;  
So don't return until thou must,  
Thou paragon of womanhood.

I have faith that the above lines will prove acceptable to my wife, and not hasten her return home.

THE BLESSINGS OF POVERTY.—The following remarks of a very distinguished writer on this subject are worthy of serious consideration.

Poverty is the nurse of manly energy and heaven, climbing thoughts attended by love, and faith, and hope, around whose steps the mountain breezes blow, and from whose countenance all the virtues gather strength. Look around you upon the distinguished men that in every department of life guide and control the times, and inquire what was their origin, and what were their early fortunes. Were they, as a general rule, rocked and dandled in the lap of wealth? No, such men emerge from the homes of decent competence or struggling poverty. Necessity sharpens their faculties, and privation and sacrifice brace their moral nature. They learn the great art of renunciation, and enjoy the happiness of having few wants. They know nothing of indifference or satiety. There is not an idle fibre in their frames. They put the vigor of a resolute purpose in every act. The edge of their mind is always kept sharp. In the school of life, men like these meet the softly nurtured darlings of prosperity as the vessels of iron meet the vessels of porcelain.

The following anecdote was related to a gentleman, during a night he spent in a farmhouse in Virginia, some years ago:—

In December, 17—towards the close of a dreary day, a woman with an infant were discovered half buried in the snow by a little Virginian, seven years old. The promising lad was returning from school, and hearing the moans of some one in distress, threw down his satchel of books, and repaired to the spot whence the sound proceeded, with a firmness becoming one of riper years. Raking the snow from the benumbed body of the mother, and using means to awaken her to a sense of her deplorable condition, the noble youth succeeded in getting her upon her feet; the infant nestling on its mother's breast, turned its eyes towards their youthful preserver and smiled, as it seemed, in gratitude for its preservation. With a countenance filled with hope, the gallant youth cheered the sufferer on, himself bearing within his tiny arms the infant child, while the mother leaned for support on the shoulder of her little conductor. "My home is hard by," would he exclaim, as oft as her spirits failed; and thus for three miles, did he

cheer onward to a happy haven, the mother and child, both of whom otherwise must have perished, had it not been for the humane feeling and perseverance of this noble youth.

A warm fire and kind attention, soon relieved the sufferer, who, it appeared, was in search of her husband, an emigrant from New Hampshire, a recent purchaser of a farm in the neighborhood of—near this place. Diligent inquiry for several days found him, and in five months after, the identical house in which we are now sitting was erected, and received the happy family. The child grew up to manhood—entered the army—lost a limb at New Orleans, but returned to end his days, a solace to the declining years of his aged parents.

"Where are they now?" I asked the narrator. "Here," exclaimed the son, "I am the rescued one, there is my mother, and here, imprinted on my naked arm is the name of the noble youth, our preserver!" I looked and read "Winfield Scott," now Lieutenant-General of the U. S. Army.

At an exhibition of some pupils of the American Asylum at Concord, before the Legislature of New Hampshire, a few weeks ago, one of them standing between

the portraits of Webster and Washington, was asked by one of the assembly who the former was. He replied as follows: "One of America's greatest statesmen; second only to the one whose portrait is on the other side. If he were living now, I doubt not but that Jeff. Davis and his colleagues would shake in their shoes at the mention of his name."

On being asked who the other was; he wrote.

George Washington. First in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his patriot—not his traitor—countrymen.

Another of the audience asked, Who is Jefferson Davis? He said, Jefferson Davis was, I believe, an officer under Scott in the Mexican war. He was a member of Mr. Pierce's cabinet, and while holding that office it is said that he busied himself in sowing the seeds of treason. It is probable that he will shortly reap its fruits—(as laid down in the laws of the United States.)

Being requested to mention some distinguished man of New Hampshire, he wrote as follows: John P. Hale, whom I have the pleasure of seeing among the audience, is and has been for many years a distinguished and useful member of the United States Senate. He was once, I believe, a candidate for the Presidency; but owing to the fears inspired by the threats of the Southern oligarchy, he did not get his deserts.

ABOUT HATING.—Hate not. It is not worth while. Your life is not long enough to make it pay to cherish ill-will or hard thoughts toward any one. What if that man has cheated you, or that woman has played you false? What if this friend has forsaken you in your time of need, or that one, having won your utmost confidence, your warmest love, has concluded that he prefers to consider and treat you as a stranger? Let it all pass. What difference will it make to you in a few years, when you go hence to the "undiscovered country?" All who ill-treat you now will be more sorry for it then, than you, even in your deepest disappointment and grief, can be.

A few more smiles, a few more tears, some pleasure, much pain, a little longer hurrying and worrying through the world, some hasty greetings, and abrupt farewells, and our play will be "played out," and the injurer and the injured will be led away, and ere long forgotten. Is it worth while to hate each other?



# The Gallaudet Guide, AND DEAF MUTES' COMPANION. BOSTON, SEPTEMBER, 1861.

## NOTICE.

To the members of the Board of Managers of the *New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf Mutes*. Under a proper sense of the necessity of promoting the interests of our Association and its Organ, I have appointed WEDNESDAY, the 28th day of August, at 2 o'clock, P. M., as the time for the meeting of the Board of Managers, to be held in the city of Boston. Some mute friends have offered a kind welcome to the members of the Board, during the short session. It is therefore desirable that there be a full attendance.

It may be necessary for any member of said Board who cannot be present, to send some suitable substitute with a written certificate.

THOMAS BROWN,  
President N. E. G. A. D. M.  
Attest,  
WM. MARTIN CHAMBERLAIN,  
Secretary.  
W. Henniker, July 25, 1861.

P. S.—The Members of the New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf Mutes have liberty to send to the Secretary of said Association, or to their respective State Managers, with proper expression of their wishes or preference where there will be our next Convention next year. A notice should be sent to either, before our meeting.

The Norwich Steamboat line to New York.—The splendid new steamers CITY OF BOSTON and CITY OF NEW YORK have been placed upon this pleasant route. This has always been one of the most popular routes in the country, but by the general renovation now taking place in every department, it will be rendered more attractive than ever—upon the whole, the pleasantest between the two cities.

We are under obligations to Mr. Thomas L. Brown for a copy of the Biennial Report of the Michigan Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb and Blind, for the years 1859 and 1860.

Whole number of mutes in the institution, 58: 30 males and 28 females. The institution is under the full sway of prosperity, but the Trustees urge upon the legislature an appropriation sufficient to complete additional buildings which have already been commenced. M. B. Fay, Esq., is the efficient Principal.

Died, at Philadelphia, of fits, May 13th, Charles A., deaf mute, son of Amos and Harriet Cone, aged 14 years. The parents are mutes and the child had been subject to severe attacks from infancy.

The regular quarterly meeting of the Board of Managers of the Boston Deaf Mute Christian Union, was called for July 31st, but as only three members were present, Homer, Packard and Holmes made their appearance, it adjourned over to October.

In the Massachusetts 7th Regiment, on the Roll of Company A, as published in the Fall River News, we find the name of Thomas Evans ("Dummy") as officer's steward.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

## A Romance of Artist History.

BY RAPHAEL PALETTE.

L'histoire lui, soudain les temps ont reculé;  
L'ombre a fui; les tombeaux, les débris ont parlé;  
Les générations s'entendent et s'instruisent,  
Et de l'esprit humain les travaux s'éternisent.  
Legourd.

## THE ORIGIN OF THE REFORMATION.

In almost all instances the nicely-traced origin of events which have happened in the world, though trifling, is indeed curious. To those who delight in historical researches it cannot fail to prove that every event heard of was commenced, through the instrumentality of man, by the Omnipotent Being, with a view of gaining the desired end. How strange, how wonderful is his wisdom, in selecting persons and material objects for the means of beginning what he deems most desirable for the common welfare of mankind.

On the authority of Benjamin West, the great painter, the real origin of our glorious Revolution and subsequent independence was the old palace of St. James, London, with whose exceedingly homely architecture the royal lover of fine arts—

the munificent, good-natured, but weak-minded George the Third—was so dissatisfied, that he expressed a modest wish of having a new and more elegant palace built. But, alas! his iron chests were found empty, and of course he was sorely grieved. His chief adviser, Lord North, suggested—what?—a plan to impose heavy and oppressive taxes on the American colonists, that his weeping master might reap a golden harvest for that grand purpose. The good King reluctantly consented; and the result—we all know, and ought to thank him and his hired emissaries for the consummation of our permanent freedom, power and prosperity, unrivalled by any other nation!

Of the most remarkable revolutions the earth has known, the Reformation of the sixteenth century stands conspicuous in the pages of history. The more steady was its progress from its commencement, the more formidable it appeared to the Papal See. Thousands of thousands of brave warriors of both the conflicting parties perished on their gory fields—millions of dollars were spent in sustaining those horrible wars, and hundreds of thousands of martyrs were burnt, hung and inhumanly butchered—yet, notwithstanding the gigantic efforts of the Romish Church and her powerful allies to suppress the growth of Protestantism, the ball of the Reformation rolled in thundering triumph over the whole world! Its origin?—Who began to push that ball onward, even without knowing its real character?

On a sunny day, in the commencement of the sixteenth century, an imposing procession of Corpus Domini was seen crossing the spacious piazza of the Cathedral of Florence. Its pageantry, with gold and silver crosses glittering in the sun, and anthems ringing loudly and sweetly in the air, infused awe and deep veneration in the hearts of the kneeling faithful, while, standing behind them, others gazed with mute admiration at the gorgeous spectacle. A little retired from the crowd stood a man of majestic mien, looking on the receding train with an abstracted expression, bespeaking a mind wholly engrossed by some theme of a nature evidently different from that which he was gazing at. Though plain, even slovenly in his apparel, his haughty mien betrayed noble birth; his head, colossal in proportion to his body, was singularly shaped, and covered with thick black curls; his nose was remarkably crooked, and his eyes black and brilliant as a gazelle's. There was in them a mysterious, dreaming light, that seemed to glisten of the depths of genius.

His eyes now wandered from the procession to the cathedral, and rested on its magnificent dome—the masterpiece of Filippo Brunellesco; his soul, penetrating the exquisite beauty and grandeur of its architecture, seemed to dilate, threatening to burst from its osseous prison, and his lips moved in concert with the inner workings of his mind. Slowly from the cupola he turned his eyes to the symmetrical campanile or belfry, a work of Giotto's, which, in accordance with the custom of the old Italian architects, was detached a few yards from the cathedral; and thence to the baptistery, another detached structure, admiring the sculptural beauties in the projections and cavities of the buildings.

At length the holy men forming the procession of Corpus Domini disappeared within the cathedral; the crowd soon dispersed, except a few groups standing here and there, apparently engaged in lively conversation on different subjects interesting to themselves. The solitary being turned again his gaze back to the dome, to which his strained eyes were long rivetted, while higher and higher on fiery wings his imagination soared. Lo! suddenly he darted over the piazza, hurrying himself home, with a smile of exultation playing about his mouth.

The enthusiast soon reached his solitary room, and locked the door, to prevent intrusion. He opened his huge, much-thumbed port-folio, took out a sheet of dark brown paper, and put it on a board; and, having trimmed his crayons, commenced transferring to the paper the idea which struck his mind while gazing at the dome; this idea—mark, it was the ball of the Reformation thus pushed onward. Hour after hour passed by, still he worked and toiled incessantly, forgetting every thing but that grand idea.

At last his work was achieved. He now stepped a few feet back, stood with his arms folded on his breast, gazing on his production—he smiled a smile of triumph, and then sank into a chair, exhausted in mind and body. Beaming through

the open casement the last golden rays of the setting sun, as if in an endeavor to show its approbation and admiration, rested—lingered on the rugged but majestic brow of MICHAEL ANGELO!

That production of his genius was a design of a dome for St. Peter's, at Rome, which he, after a long and assiduous application to the rules of geometry and sciography, brought to absolute perfection.

After some years of voluntary exile, Michael Angelo Bonarroti returned to Rome, in compliance with the affectionate entreaties of the reigning Pontiff, to complete his picture in the Sistine Chapel, which he left unfinished in his precipitate flight from the thunders of the Vatican; he unfolded his designs before the wondering eyes of the now gracious Pope and his ministers, who demanded what designs they were.

"For a dome of St. Peter's, which I can suspend in the air," answered the architect, standing erect in all his professional pride.

"Magnifico!" exclaimed Pope Julius II., raising his hands in admiration at the exquisite symmetry of the cupola.

"Magnifico!" re-echoed his ministers. "Come maestoso!" breathed the pontiff.

"Si, monsignore," answered the servile cardinals. The longer they examined the plan, the more they admired the beauty and boldness of conception, majesty of size, and grandeur of height of the dome far surpassing those of the Cathedral of Florence; and they lavished praises on the gifted architect—painter—sculptor.

"Yes, thy name, my dear Bonarroti," said the pontiff, looking smilingly at him. "thy name will never die. It will forever abide in thy wondrous dome, which alone will remind the unborn generations of the sublimity of thy genius."

For this flattering compliment Michael Angelo made a low obeisance to his noble patron, and expressed a hope that he would be allowed to execute without delay this design, which found favor in his holiness's eyes.

Pope Julius, now turning to his cardinals, said—"Our Cathedral, old and dilapidated as it appears, much to the scandal of our holy religion, needs renovating, enlarging and beautifying, with such a dome as shown in these designs, eminently calculated to awe and lift the souls of the faithful to our blessed Master, to whom it pleased him to elect me Vicar. You, my loved brethren, will have the goodness to attend to it at once, sparing nothing to bring into effect every thing relative to this grand plan—stop; I would, however, prefer Signor Bramante Lazzari, my special architect, to superintend the erecting of the main body and transepts of our church, according to his superior judgment and taste. See to that!"

Well aware of the pontiff's energy and determination of purpose at any cost whatever, and extravagant liberality to men of genius, we need not be surprised at his soon exhausting his coffers by meeting all the expenses incidental to the building of so vast a temple.

When Leo X. ascended the Pontifical throne, he pursued the same course adopted by his predecessor, with an abundance of gold and silver in the hitherto empty coffers, obtained in a manner singular in its nature, yet most fatal to the Papal power—the sale of indulgences promulgated with immense success by the Dominican friars; and especially the notorious Tetzels. The great reformers, Martin Luther, Melancthon, Zwingle and others, arose to protest against that egregious act. The subsequent history is already known.

As St. Peter's was not completed till the middle of the seventeenth century, it was not Michael Angelo's good fortune to live to see what Lord Byron saw, and sung in his Child Harold—

—The vast and wondrous dome,  
To which Diana's temple was a cell."

Mr. Editor.—The July number of the Guide is before me with an unusual amount of good reading in it. I learn through the June number that it is in a crippled condition so far as it is financially concerned. I regret that it is not more liberally patronized. A country so extensive, enlightened and so full of deaf persons, who are well educated in the U. S., or dis U. S. which ever you choose to call it at present, should not fail to have at least one or more journals, edited by deaf persons, through which to communicate events &c. coming under their immediate observation, referring particularly to their own class. It would be a shame to let the Guide be discontinued, when it is the only medium through which we can

publicly express our opinions, &c., when there are plenty of men that have the money to pay to keep it alive. Had it not been for my poor health, which in May compelled me to leave Columbus, and come into the country, I should have exerted my influence to extend its circulation. By no means permit it to die.

I see Mr. Flournoy has condescended to notice a few remarks made by me in the April No., by saying what I wrote was without sentiment, &c. Now as he has by virtue of a proclamation of the P. M. General been shut out in common with all of Secessia from postal intercourse with the North, it is hardly worth while to attempt an answer as he may not soon have a chance to get the Guide—however I shall say a few words as my mind dictates. He has, as many will testify, become so opinionated as to render himself ridiculous in the extreme—every article on Gallaudetia, emanating from his pen has been tending only to make his scheme more infeasible as is plainly obvious from the numerous objections with which they are being met from all sides.

We have explained (?) to him the disadvantages which will inevitably follow if his scheme is carried out, but alas! to no purpose, he is still the same old leech, clinging to his argument as though his life depended upon it, so I conclude to set him down as an indomitable Quixote, with his thousands of castles floating in the air. Should he proclaim to the "lost" mutes his intention of rearing up to the sky, a tower modeled after the fashion of Babel, they would immediately respond by rallying round him to assist him in his herculean undertaking. Why then does he not pull the wool off from his eyes, and look one inch farther from his nose, and be convinced of the impotency of his argument. We are not lost, (as he represents) where we are among the hearing community. Far from being outcasts, we are regarded as their equals;—and are as "free from all sophistry" as we could possibly be, were we to-day all in Gallaudetia with that egotistic and unsophisticated Mr. Flournoy at the head of the government where he could proclaim himself monarch of all he surveyed. If he must have a government of his own, I will suggest the only mode in which to get it. Should his ambitious spirit disdain to accept it, there is no remedy but to stay where he is and keep him over his favorite subject. It is this.

Let him scour the country and get all of the vagrants who have been educated, take them to his plantation, and give them lessons in agriculture, horticulture, and such other arts of industry as may suit his fancy, then after acquiring habits of industry send them abroad among their hearing friends, where they will be sure to be the more respected—then go abroad as before and bring in another such set. By so doing, he will be doing the world more good than he possibly can by sitting still wasting paper and ink over his untenable argument.

EX AVANT.

MR. EDITOR.—I have long thought of writing an article for publication in your little monthly paper, but amid my numerous professional engagements, and family callings, joined to the interesting amount of reading matter that always invites my attention during leisure hours, I have quite given up the idea of joining in a literary crusade about deaf mute oppression, degradation, or helplessness among their more fortunate associates. Let Flournoy still crow over an exclusive elysium, or nation of deaf mutes in prospective, for sensible persons will not allow for his high flights of argument on this subject, or for his pedantry more than they are worth—a question that need not be seriously considered till Flournoy carries out the practical point of his theory himself by Daniel Boone like shouldering his musket and axe and pioneering the way for others to follow. I believe he is in the neighborhood of sixty years of age and yet I do not know that he is any more modest than he was while he was cotemporary with myself at the American Asylum at Hartford, (on one occasion). At that time Andrew Jackson being a candidate for President in opposition to J. Q. Adams, Flournoy was for Jackson and H. P. Peet, then a teacher there, was for J. Q. Adams. Well Flournoy grew warm and boisterous in argument with Mr. Peet in our study room, and Mr. Peet modestly let him crow; and as soon as Mr. Peet, withdrew from the room, Flournoy remarked to me, exultingly, "I am fully prepared to dispute with Mr. Peet, or any man on that or any subject."

W. W.

For the Guide.

## Review of the Weather.

NUMBER THREE.

The following is an account of the weather for 1853:

|                            |     |
|----------------------------|-----|
| Clear days.....            | 142 |
| Cloudy days.....           | 76  |
| Rainy days.....            | 106 |
| Snowy days.....            | 36  |
| Days of rain and snow..... | 5   |

365

The following is an account of the temperature for 1853:

|                    |     |
|--------------------|-----|
| Cold days.....     | 69  |
| Cool days.....     | 110 |
| Pleasant days..... | 78  |
| Warm days.....     | 89  |
| Hot days.....      | 19  |

365

The winter of 1852-53 was a changeable one. The 26th of January was the coldest day of the season, and the rivers were entirely closed with ice.

On the 6th of February, there was quite a freshet in the rivers, by which the lower part of Allegheny City was submerged.

On the 15th of March, the weather was very cold and blustery. The canal was frozen over, and there was considerable floating ice in the Allegheny river.

On the 23d, there were several heavy snow-storms.

The first thunder-shower of the season took place on the 13th of April.

On the 16th of May, there was a severe thunder-shower, accompanied with a hail-storm, which did considerable damage to the crops.

There were several heavy thunder-showers in May and June.

On the 30th of July, Pittsburgh was visited with the heaviest rains of the season, which did much damage to property.

The 12th of August was the warmest day of the season. The thermometer ranged from 95 to 100 degrees in the shade.

The heat was also great throughout the United States and Canada, the thermometer everywhere ranging at about 100 degrees. Two hundred deaths were occasioned by heat in New York on the 14th, and the total number of deaths for four days (Aug. 11-14) from that cause exceeded four hundred.

The most terrific thunder-shower that ever visited Pittsburgh for years, occurred on the 14th of August. There were much thunder and lightning, and the rain fell in deluges for several hours. The storm did great damage to property: many cellars and basements were flooded. The storm also caused a number of land-slides on the Pennsylvania Railroad, which detained trains for a time.

The drought was pretty severe in September and October.

On the 5th of October, there was a tremendous thunder-shower at Pittsburgh. At or about the same time there was a severe hail-storm at Freeport, thirty miles up the Allegheny river. The hail fell fast and thick for about half an hour, doing much damage to windows, trees, vegetables, &c.

On the 24th of October, there was a pretty heavy and severe snow-storm at Pittsburgh—being the first of the season. The snow-storm extended eastward to the Allegheny Mountains, where the snow was two feet deep on a level on the termination of the storm. At Hollidaysburg, the snow was about a foot deep on a level.

On the 19th of December, there was a heavy snow-storm, which afforded good sleighing. On the 30th, eight inches of snow fell.

The crops of 1853 were generally very good; the peach crop in particular was abundant.

The cholera was still lingering in various parts of this country, but it was not so bad as it was in 1849.

The yellow-fever was unusually fatal at New Orleans. It made its appearance on the 26th of May, but did not become formidable until the middle of July. Between May 26 and September 30, it carried off 8186 persons, of whom 6755 died in August and September. The highest number of deaths in a day was more than 200, or even 250!

The following is an account of the weather for 1854:

|                            |     |
|----------------------------|-----|
| Clear days.....            | 147 |
| Cloudy days.....           | 66  |
| Rainy days.....            | 105 |
| Snowy days.....            | 39  |
| Days of rain and snow..... | 8   |

365

The following is an account of the temperature for 1854:

|                    |    |
|--------------------|----|
| Cold days.....     | 66 |
| Cool days.....     | 90 |
| Pleasant days..... | 83 |
| Warm days.....     | 88 |
| Hot days.....      | 38 |

365

The year 1854 will long be remembered for numerous disasters, severe droughts, intense heat of summer and intense cold of winter, failures of crops, epidemics, hard times, &c.

Crops of all kinds failed from severe and protracted droughts. Food commanded enormously high prices, which occasioned much distress among the lower classes. We had to import a considerable quantity of breadstuffs from Canada, Great Britain and France.

The year is also noted for the unusually low stages of water in the rivers in different sections of the country. Many of the large rivers dwindled to mere creeks or runs; most of the springs and smaller streams entirely dried up for want of rain.

In some localities, people were compelled to go a great distance in order to get water for themselves and their domestic animals. At Bloomfield, Ill., for instance, the inhabitants had to go nine miles for water! Many cattle, horses, sheep and hogs perished from want of fodder and water.

I gather the following weather items during the year:

On the 20th of January, Pittsburgh was visited with a heavy and tremendous thunder-shower, accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning; and the rain fell in torrents for about an hour, flooding many of the streets. Such thunder-storms are very uncommon for January—in midwinter. The storm was succeeded by intensely cold weather.

January 23d was the coldest day of the season. The thermometer stood at two degrees above zero in the morning. On the 20th and 21st of February, there was an unusually severe snow-storm at Philadelphia and vicinity. The snow fell to the depth of two feet on a level, with drifts of from five to ten feet high! The storm blocked up a number of railroads leading to the city for several days.

On the 15th of March, there was a tremendous thunder-shower at Pittsburgh. On the 16th of April, there was a very heavy and severe snow-storm at Pittsburgh, which commenced early in the morning, and continued unabated fury till the following morning. It did much injury to the vegetables and fruit crops.

On the 29th, snow fell to the depth of four inches at Monongahela City, Pa. The peach crop was entirely destroyed, and the apple and cherry crops considerably injured. On the 17th of May, there was a terrific storm at Wheeling, Va., by which the Suspension Bridge over the Ohio river was swept away.

On the 26th, there was an annular eclipse of the sun, which was visible through out the United States—the sky being clear at the time. On the 9th and 10th of June, the weather was so cold that fires and overcoats were necessary to keep us warm. It is said that snow fell on the Allegheny Mountains on the 9th.

On the 25th, there was a destructive freshet in the Monongahela river, causing considerable damage to property. The 27th was the warmest day that was ever known for 14 years in Pittsburgh. On the 20th of July, the thermometer stood at 100 deg. in the shade, on the 21st, at 105 deg.; and on the 22nd, at 108 degrees! This heated term was terminated by a heavy and tremendous thunder-shower which took place on the evening of the 22nd, after a dry spell of two weeks.

The heat was so great, that candles melted down. An ink-roller in the printing office in which I worked, melted down, thus preventing the publication of the paper for two weeks! The effects of the heat were severe and dreadful, causing an unusually large number of deaths in various cities and towns. The following is a list of deaths in the principal cities of the Union, during the week ending the 22d of July:

|                   |         |
|-------------------|---------|
| New York.....     | 761     |
| Philadelphia..... | 413     |
| Chicago.....      | 575     |
| St. Louis.....    | 718     |
| New Orleans.....  | 329     |
| Buffalo.....      | 221     |
| Pittsburgh.....   | only 16 |

There were 130 deaths from cholera in a single day, at Chicago, Ill.

Out of 329 deaths in New Orleans, 100 were from sun-stroke.

Out of 718 deaths in St. Louis, 246 were from Cholera.

The following is a list of mortality in



the three principal cities, during the week ending July 29th:

New York.....1140  
Philadelphia.....573  
Boston.....180

There was no rain of any consequence at Freeport, Pa., from the 23d of July till the 26th of August, while there were several heavy showers at Monongahela City in the meantime.

On the 25th of August, at night, it rained at Monongahela City, while the sky was entirely clear. This was a singular phenomenon.

On the 4th and 5th of September, the weather was unusually hot for the season, the thermometer standing at 106 degrees in the shade!

The cholera broke out with great suddenness and increasing violence in Pittsburgh on the 14th of September. There were 64 deaths from that dreadful scourge on that very day; there were 80 deaths on the second day; 100 deaths on the fifth day (on the 18th of the month.) There were 432 deaths from cholera and other diseases in that city during the week ending Sept. 23d. The cholera carried off nearly one thousand of the citizens of Pittsburgh in the course of six weeks. The ravages of that fearful malady were at length arrested by burning bituminous coal in the principal street, and also by sprinkling the streets and alleys with lime. The sudden appearance of the cholera in the Smoky City was attributed to the low state of the rivers and to the want of sufficient smoke, as most of the manufacturing establishments were closed.

On the 4th of October, the first snow of the season fell at Monongahela City.

On the 12th, 13th, and 14th, there were heavy rains, which caused a considerable rise in the Monongahela, river, and thus navigation was resumed.

On the 3rd and 4th of December, there was a heavy snow-storm. The snow was more than a foot deep in some places.

On the 5th, the canal was frozen over. There was much floating ice in the Alleghany river.

On the 9th, the thermometer at Mr. Caldwell's house, near Freeport, stood at six degrees below zero in the morning. The Allegheny river was entirely closed with ice, and remained ice-bound till the 28th—a period of nearly three weeks. In some places the ice was more than a foot thick. There was an unusually large amount of snow remaining on the ground, which was three to four feet deep in some locations.

On the 19th, the thermometer at the same place stood at eight degrees below zero at sunrise.

On the 27th, there was a rainbow in the morning—an uncommon occurrence for December.

On the 28th, at night, there was a severe storm of rain and wind, which was succeeded by intensely cold weather.

#### A MUTE TYPO.

#### Talleyrand and Arnold.

There was a day when Talleyrand arrived in Havre on foot from Paris. It was the darkest hour of the Revolution. Pursued by the blood hounds of the reign of terror, Talleyrand secured a passage to America in a ship about to sail. He was a beggar, and a wanderer to a strange land, to earn his daily bread by daily labor.

"Is there any American staying at your house?" he asked the landlord of the hotel. "I am bound to cross the water, and would like a letter to a person of influence in the New World."

The landlord hesitated a moment, and then replied—

"There is a gentleman up stairs either from America or Britain; but from which I cannot tell."

He pointed the way, and Talleyrand, who in his life was bishop, prince, and minister, ascended the stairs. A miserable supplicant, he stood before the stranger's door, knocked and entered.

In the far corner of the dimly-lighted room, sat a man of fifty years of age, his arms folded, and his head bowed upon his breast. From a window directly opposite, a flood of light poured upon his forehead. His eyes looked from beneath the downcast brows, and upon Talleyrand's face, with a peculiar and searching expression. His form, vigorous even with the snows of fifty winters, was clad in a dark, but rich and distinguished costume.

Talleyrand advanced, stated that he was a fugitive, and with the impression that the gentleman before him was an American, he solicited his kind feeling and offices.

He poured forth his history in eloquent French and broken English.

"I am a wanderer and an exile. I am forced to fly to the New World without

friend or home. You are an American. Give me, then, I beseech you, a letter of yours, so that I may be able to earn my bread. I am willing to toil in any manner; a life of labor would be a paradise to a career of luxury in France. You will give me a letter to one of your friends? A gentleman like you doubtless has many friends."

This strange gentleman arose. With a look that Talleyrand never forgot, he retreated toward the door of the next chamber, his eyes looking still from beneath his darkened brow. He spoke as he retreated backward; his voice was full of meaning—

"I am the only man of the New World who can raise his hand to God and say, I have not a friend—not one in America."

Talleyrand never forgot the overwhelming sadness of the look which accompanied these words.

"Who are you?" he cried, as the strange man retreated to the next room. "Your name?"

"My name," he replied, with a smile that had more of mockery than joy in its convulsive expression—"My name is Benedict Arnold."

He was gone. Talleyrand sank in the chair, gasping the words—

"Arnold, the traitor!"

Thus he wandered over the earth, another Cain, with the wanderer's mark upon his brow.

#### A Word to Young Wives.

It is not my intention to lay down a set of rules and examples to be followed by those who have entered the matrimonial state, but to give a little advice and a few words of encouragement to those whose new position in life has placed them upon a strange shore, where, very naturally, trials and perplexities will present themselves on every hand.

Be not discouraged, my dear young friends, though dark and disagreeable clouds may at times dim the bright horizon of your morning of life; perchance the noon may make glad your hearts by the dispersion of all stormy aspects, and the evening be radiant with the smiles of a cloudless sky, and all the glory and splendor of a bright summer's day may spread its mantle around you ere your evening of life comes on.

That young man who has just commenced life, and has placed himself in the position of guardian and protector, has the greatest claims upon your better feelings, for without your sympathy and aid he can do nothing; without your kind words and encouraging smiles he toils on in vain; without your careful economy and watchfulness he loses his confidence; and though he may toil early and late, his labors are in a great measure fruitless.

What, without the industry and economy of the wife can that young mechanic or clerk accomplish whose income or salary is but trifling, compared with the wants and necessities attending the "debut" of housekeeping? And, on the other hand, what can he not accomplish, when the companion of his joys and sorrows enters with a willing mind and heart into all his plans, and with industrious hands, encouraging words and approving smiles, stimulates him to success, by proving herself literally a "helpmeet" in other points than the bottom of the dish and ditto the purse. Mountains then become as mole-hills, and, with the blessing of God, your path to fortune is sure and certain.

It is by far too often the case with young ladies of the present day that, upon uniting their destinies with a companion, they then consider their exertions to obtain a livelihood at an end; that the rest of their journey down the river of life is comparative ease, merely to fold their hands and enjoy its luxuries, never minding the redoubled pains and endeavors of him who is compelled to ever be on the sharpest lookout that his craft is not wrecked upon the variable course upon which he is bound. Never for a moment, then, young wives, shrink from the duty imposed upon you, and leave the battle of life entirely to your companion. The many little expenditures which the economizing wife can prevent, the many little comforts which the industrious wife can secure her home, all tend to make one great whole; and is it not then very plain how essentially you can assist in making home happy, comfortable and prosperous?

But in the midst of success, when fortune seems to be favoring you, and you are smoothly gliding along, do not be elated at the prospect before you so as to forget your duty to "Him from whom all blessings flow," but daily acknowledge him, and let your lives be examples which

shall be as a "city which is set on a hill," and so live that when you shall meet in heaven, you may together hear that well come voice of "Well done, good and faithful servant."—Holmes.

From the Magnet.

#### A Girl's Opinion of the Moustache.

BY JOE THE JERSEY MUTE.

I do not pretend to beauty of face as some Joes do, but, speaking of girls, I can say, *vent, rict, rict*, with perfect regard for truth. I am no friend to nakedness, whether it be of the body or face, and cannot behold such a disgusting sight without blushing scarlet. In obedience to the dictates of modesty, I have raised, and still continue to cultivate, a fine lot of hair on my upper lip, besides a greater one under my chin. Like a careful gardener, I prune my moustache and whiskers every time they want pruning. I take care that my face is not entirely destitute of hairy clothing, so nobody can question my hatred of nudity.

Last summer I went to Maryland, and there scraped an acquaintance with a young lady, who was accounted the most beautiful creature in the "land of Mary." To say that she was a paragon of perfection, would be a weak expression. She was graciously pleased to learn the manual alphabet, with the view of becoming, as it were, a semi-mute.

Week succeeded week. I was ultimately necessitated to return home: and how happy I felt at the assurances of the beauty that she would write to me!

Simultaneously with my return, came a letter from my "bright, particular star," enveloped in a pink colored piece of paper. I was so happy, I was almost afraid to speak. I opened the letter, and it ran thus:

"JOE:—Sir, am I writing to a scoundrel—one who sports a moustache? I write the note, only to cut your acquaintance. Rogues think a moustache pretty, but sensible ladies, and gentlemen too, abhor it, and think it quite monkeyish. Nay, I proceed further and say, that it looks piratical. I cannot kiss a man who spoils his moustache with the food he eats. The moment I saw you, I set you down as one of the B'hoys. You told some people hereabouts, that you had a mind to marry me. Joe, I say, I wish I could tear out every hair you have on your upper lip. I would sooner die than get my lips spoiled by contact with that ugly hairy face of yours. It strikes me that scoundrels have a fascinating way of addressing ladies, while men of integrity are cold and rough in conversation. Sin may be pleasant for a time, but shame and contempt will be its reward. Sin no more, Joe.

ELIZA S——"

#### Washington Irving.

Washington Irving, if the New York correspondent of the London *Telegraph* may be believed, did not refuse himself the tender passion. He says:

"When young, he became intimately acquainted with a daughter of one of the Knickerbockers of the times, sturdy in family and in wealth. With the young lady he pressed his suit successfully and in time the father might have succumbed, despite the fact that he regarded the resources with which Irving proposed to support a wife too slender to maintain the style of luxury to which his daughter had been accustomed. In an evil hour, as it seemed, a Dr. Creighton, a minister of the Established Church despite the Scottish parentage, fell in with the gentleman whom Irving was so desirous of making his father-in-law. The clergyman's eyes were dazzled by the beauty of the same young lady who had won the heart of the aspiring author; and the eyes of the father were blinded to all other considerations by the wealth which Dr. Creighton offered to bestow upon his daughter. Time and persistence pushed Irving from the scene; and the girl, obedient to her father's urgent entreaties, gave her preference the precedence of her own. But the saddest part of the story remains to be told. When the question of the marriage portion was under consideration, the father stated that the family had been tainted with insanity, and to guard against the evils of harsh treatment, should his daughter be afflicted with the same malady, insisted that a certain sum should be set aside which in the event of such a calamity should be devoted to her maintenance on her estate on the banks of the Hudson, and that in no event should she be removed from the mansion there. These terms the ardent suitor, hoping for the best, complied with. It may

have been the result of hereditary disease, but the effort to crush out and kill her was not many years elapsed before she was a raving maniac. She became so violent that confinement was rendered necessary, and the family mansion was converted into an asylum, Dr. Creighton building another house on a distant part of the estate. The unfortunate woman is still living, and on quiet nights her screams may be heard ringing shrilly along the banks of the river—most audible too, in the secluded retreat which Irving occupies. No heart but his own knows how the sad event may have tinged his life, or to what exertions it may have led him in attempting to drown all remembrance of his own disappointment. Dr. Creighton has for years officiated at the humble chapel where Irving worships singularly enough, and read the burial service for his former rival."

For the Guide.

#### The Flag.

Plant the banner, waft on high,  
The Stars and Stripes to ev'ry eye;  
The States their freedom show,  
From sunny South to Northern snow.  
Not the flag be trampled down  
By any traitor, rebel, clown:  
Give death to traitors, and we'll see  
The flag on high and Liberty!

Arms! ye patriots, one and all,  
Down the traitors, great and small;  
Trust in your God, and He will fight  
Your battles for you with His might.

T. J. H.

THEY'RE WHITE AND BLUE.—The cheeks, the white teeth, and blue eyes of a lovely girl are as good a flag as a soldier, in the battle of life, need under.

A DELIGHTFUL VISITOR.—Madame Stael was a pitiless talker. Some men, who wished to teach her a lesson, introduced a person to her, who, they said, was a very learned man. The blue-eyed girl received him graciously; but, to produce an impression, began to say, and asked a thousand questions, crossed with herself that she did not know that her visitor made no reply. When the visit was over, the gentleman asked Corinne how she liked their friend. "A most delightful man!" was the reply; "but wit and learning?" Here the laugh came in—the visitor was deaf and dumb.

It is said the American has no home—no place of the spot where he was born; he is ready to swap off his homestead for his horse. The English nation, from lord to peasant, have an abiding love for their ancestral acres. Even the cottages of the peasants are more tastefully adorned externally with shrubs, flowers, and climbing vines, than the houses and grounds of the landed American farmers. These things the farmers neglect sadly. They are intent only on what they deem useful. The love of the picturesque and beautiful should be cultivated in the young mind. There is no eye quicker to discover a pleasant landscape than that of childhood. Children are always delighted with a beautiful tree, shrub, or flower. Plant these about your houses and grounds. Make them pleasant and cheerful. Put books into the hands of your children that will teach them a love of nature, reveal her secrets, and direct their minds in the way of their intended occupations in life. Under this management, parents will not be troubled with truant children, who wish to fly from home before they get through the spelling book!

LORD ELLENBOROUGH'S WIG.—Lord Ellenborough was once about to go on the continent, when Lady E. said that she should accompany him. He replied that he had no objections, provided she did not remember the carriage with handboxes, which was his utter abhorrence. They started. During the first day's journey, Lord Ellenborough, happening to stretch his legs, struck his feet against something below the seat. He discovered that it was a handbox. His indignation is not to be described. Up went the window, and out went the handbox. The coachman stopped, and the footman, thinking that the handbox had tumbled out of the window, went to pick it up, when Lord Ellenborough called out, "Drive on!"

The handbox was accordingly left by the roadside. Having reached the county town where he was to officiate as judge, Lord Ellenborough proceeded to array himself for his appearance in the court

"Now," said he, "where is my wig—where is my wig?"

"My lord," replied his attendant, "it was thrown out of the coach-window."

One hot summer day, Duke Charles dined in the little town of Nagald. With the dinner came a great multitude of flies, all uninvited; but that mattered nothing. They buzzed about one over another, and alighted here and there, making quite as free as if they had been a portion of the princely train.

Duke Charles was angry at this, and, calling the hostess, said:

"Here, old beldame, let the flies have a separate table!"

The hostess, a very quiet woman, did as she was ordered; set out another table, and then, coming up to the Duke, said, with a courtesy:

"The table is served. Will your highness now order the flies to be seated?"

The rest need not be told.

WAYS OF COMMITTING SUICIDE.—Wearing thin shoes on damp nights in rainy weather.

Building on the "air-tight" principle. Leading a life of enfeebling, stupid laziness, and keeping the mind in a round of unnatural excitement by reading trashy novels.

Going to balls through all sorts of weather in the thinnest possible dresses. Dancing till in a complete perspiration, and then going home through the damp air.

Sleeping on feather beds in seven-by-nine bed-rooms.

Surfeiting on hot and very highly stimulating dinners.

Beginning in childhood on tea, and going on from one step to another, through coffee, chewing tobacco, smoking and drinking.

Marrying in haste, getting an uncongenial companion, and living the rest of life in mental dissatisfaction.

Keeping children quiet by teaching them to suck candy.

Eating without time to masticate the food.

Allowing the love of gain to so absorb our minds, as to leave no time to attend to our health.

Following an unhealthy occupation because money can be made by it.

Tempting the appetite with niceties when the stomach says no.

Contriving to keep in a continual worry about something or nothing.

Retiring at midnight and rising at noon.

Neglecting to take proper care of ourselves when a simple disease first appears.

—*Ex. Paper.*

HINTS TO WIVES.—All wives—especially young ones—have much to learn. The apparently simple matter of "buying in"—or "shopping," is not so easy as it seems. Any woman may fancy that she can spend her husband's earnings, and without doubt she can, but she must care how she spends them if she would secure his love and esteem. Perhaps it is not her place to spend them at all, but the usages of society among the industrial classes prescribe it and probably it is better under their present circumstances that it should be so. But if the husband gives money to the wife, she ought to know that he expects it to be judiciously disposed of and spent, that it may provide a clean, neat and happy home in return. It is, therefore, her duty to study economy in dress, in furniture and food—not only in buying, but also in using.

"A penny saved is two pence clear,

A pin a day is a groat a year."

is a maxim worth remembering. A steady husband depends mainly upon his wife for rising in the world. The first dollar is often saved by her, and she should understand that the first dollar is often the beginning of a fortune, which will increase more rapidly by and by. Economy, (we do not mean penuriousness) is one of the most important duties of housekeeping, and no wife can be said to be truly just to her husband, her children, or herself, who neglects or despises it.

AN OX WITH A WOODEN LEG.—A Pennsylvania farmer had the following misfortune happen to a fine working ox. The animal was grazing near where the farmer was at work making a fence. The ox accidentally stepped into a post-hole and broke his leg. As he was too lean to kill, the farmer consulted a physician who lived close by, and the result was that it was concluded to cut off its leg. The ox refused food one day only after taking off its leg. A wooden leg was substituted in proper time, and when this ox was finally killed it presented the finest beef seen in the Philadelphia market.

ORIGIN OF GENIUS.—Columbus was the son of a weaver, and a weaver himself. Rabelais was the son of an apothecary. Claude Lorraine was bred a pastry cook. Cervantes served as a common soldier. Moliere was the son of a tapestry maker.

Homer was a beggar. Hesiod was the son of a small farmer. Demosthenes was the son of a cutler. Terence was a slave.

Richardson was a printer. Oliver Cromwell was the son of a brewer.

Howard was an apprentice to a grocer. Benjamin Franklin was a journeyman printer.

Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Worcester, was the son of a linen draper.

Daniel Defoe was a hosier, and the son of a butcher.

Whitefield was the son of an inn-keeper at Gloster.

Sir Cloudesly Shovel, Rear Admiral of England, was an apprentice to a shoe maker, and afterwards a cabin-boy.—*Scientific Facts.*

SHORT LECTURES TO YOUNG LADIES.—Have a good piano, or none. Be sure to have a dreadful cold when requested to "favor the company." Cry at a wedding. Scream at a spider. Never leave your curl-papers in the drawing-room. Drop your handkerchief when you are going to faint. Mind you are engaged, if you don't like your partner. Abjure ringlets on a wet day. It's vulgar to know what there is for dinner. Nuts are bad, if you are going to sing. Never see a black coat as long as there is a red one, and always give the preference to the elder brother. Get married at St. George's if you can—at all events, get married.—*Punch.*

EARLY EXERCISE.—Dr. Hall, in his Journal of health, very decidedly condemns the practice of taking out-door exercise early in the morning; and with an empty stomach. The reason he gives for this opinion is, that the malaria which rests on the earth about sunrise in summer, when taken into the lungs and stomach, which are equally debilitated with other portions of the body from the long fast since supper, is very readily absorbed, and enters the circulation within an hour or two, poisoning the blood and laying the foundation for troublesome diseases; while in winter the same debilitated condition of these vital organs readily allows the blood to be chilled, and thus renders the system susceptible of taking cold, with all its varied and too often disastrous results.

BONNETS OFF THE HEAD.—The pretty little bonnets worn on the back of the head by ladies, originated, doubtless, in a generous desire to display the sunny faces of the ladies. But exposure to the full glare of sunlight causes contraction of the forehead, compression of the eyelids, distortion of the features, and produces permanent wrinkles and crowsfeet. Rather than have that result, let us go back to the sugar scoops.—*Ballou's Magazine.*

The Boston Post asks, "Who wants a better 'National Him' than General Scott?" Nobody Mr. Post. We can get along with that and "Uncle Psalm!"

Mrs. Partington expresses her apprehension that the people of the gold regions will bleed to death, as the papers are constantly announcing the opening of another vein.

Some men, after reaching the summit of ambition, pull up the ladder by which they climbed, and look down with scorn on those who had held it for them.

Courting is an irregular, active transitive verb, indicative mood, present tense, third person, singular number, and agrees with all the girls—don't it?

A little four years old, while repeating the catechism at her mother's knee replied in answer to the question "What did God create?" "The Earth, the Sun, the Moon, the Stars—and the Stripes."

A Litchfield country (Conn.) man advertises what he calls a "small but comfortable homestead." He says "there is a barn, but no house, on the place." Comfortable homestead!

We have heard of asking for bread and receiving a stone, but a gentleman may be considered as still worse treated when he asks for a lady's hand, and receives her father's foot.



### Anecdotes of Patients in the Massachusetts General Hospital.

(From a History of the Institution by the late lamented N. I. Bowditch.)

"A few anecdotes," says Mr. Bowditch, "may serve to illustrate my own experience as a visitor at this department of our institution (Asylum for the Insane, at Somerville)."

A Trustee once asked a patient if she did not remember him, and said, "Does not my face look natural?" She replied, "Your face, Sir, looks as natural as a natural fool's."—"Don't tell me about your not having time to hear my story. If you haven't, you ought to have. It is the very thing you were sent here for,"—was the equally unanswerable rejoinder of another patient to a Trustee who had attempted to escape from the repetition of his already twice-told tale. We once had a "glass" patient, who was afraid of being broken, and took curious precaution on account of his imaginary brittleness. Another thinks the air full of spirits, which get in at his ears, and, after making a great disturbance in his brain, come out at the roots of his hair. He kept his ears closed with his hands so long, that they remained, for a considerable period, bent forward, having lost their natural elasticity. Some personal comments on his Excellency once disturbed the equanimity of the Honorable the Board of Visitors, at an annual visitation.—One of our oldest patients never utters two sentences together, no matter on what subject, without introducing at its close an ejaculation of great emphasis, followed by the words "Look out." His speech is slow and distinct, but generally wholly incoherent. The right words do not come at his bidding. The following is a specimen: "I have a commission as justice of the peace, and an asparagus-bed. I like lightning best at a distance. Whoever puts his name on paper in the Wiscasset Bank has a mark on his forehead, and is worse off than if he was dining with one of the selectmen.—Look out."

A young man who had been in a government-office in Canada came among us. For years and years he read a Latin dictionary, making critical comments in the margin of its leaves, and putting paper-marks in the book, almost as numerous as its pages. At last, back and covers became detached. Each leaf was separate. The whole, however, was always placed in an orderly pile. I asked him if he should not like a new dictionary. He said, "Yes." I told him I would procure one. He insisted on paying for it. I gravely accepted his draft on his former employer, whose service he had left some dozen years before. At my next visit, I brought a copy of Leverett's Lexicon. He was highly pleased, but hesitated about using it till he was sure that his draft was accepted and paid. I told him, however, that this was a needless hesitation, as that would undoubtedly be "all right." He has read and re-read this volume, like its predecessor. Like that, it has its three or four hundred marks in it; but it has been preserved with most scrupulous nicety, though somewhat embellished by marginal annotations. He will always reply in Latin to any question asked him, though his language is not Ciceronian. Thus, to a question as to his health, he said, "Meus salus, Domine, est tolerabilis."

Another of our patients, an inveterate walker, actually trod down the grass into a pathway of the shape of a pair of mammoth suspenders; the button-holes at the ends being elaborated with great skill and care.

An inmate once said to Dr. Wyman, "I have you in my power. If you kill me, you'll be hung. But I can kill you with safety; for I am crazy, and therefore not responsible."—One patient fancied himself to be General Jackson, and received us with appropriate dignity and courtesy. He had also the whim of pronouncing all his vowels; thus, of course, often dividing words of one syllable into two. On being asked how he did, he replied, "I have aches from the top of my head to the ends of my toes."

A Russian sailor, whose name alike defied chirography and pronunciation, was styled on the books John Williams. Accustomed to a life of toil and active exertion, ennui and listlessness seemed to oppress his spirits. He was a perfect Hercules, and yet naturally gentle and amiable. When addressed by his fictitious name, however, his fury was at once aroused. He imagined that he was detained by mistake, instead of the veritable John Williams. I once inadvertently addressed him by that name. He immediately struck his fists together with tremendous force, and sprang to the door-way, effectually barring

my egress from the room. My courage immediately sank to zero. A summary close of my official duties seemed to be at hand. But, fortunately, the Physician, with one glance of his eye and a few quiet words, readily soothed him. We were generally on quite a friendly footing. He had great skill and ingenuity, especially in plaiting straw. He once worked for me a little gift. It was a sad embodiment of his prevailing idea of a wrongful detention,—a little straw chain, with fetters at each end.

Another patient thought himself so large that he could not get out of the doors, and invariably kicked and struggled and bruised himself at each attempt of the attendants to get him through. The bruises thus received he always exhibited as a complete demonstration of his theory.—One inmate was overwhelmed by the dreadful delusion that he was a convict under sentence of death, awaiting execution. He was so much distressed, that Dr. Wyman thought a full and free pardon from the executive might be a prescription worth administering. A document of that purport, with a large seal attached, was accordingly prepared, and delivered to him. It at first worked to a charm. But in a few days he became, if possible, more desponding than ever. "For," said he, "I have repeated the same offence, and nobody ever heard of a person being twice pardoned. I shall now certainly be hung."

An educated patient asked a Trustee to listen to some oratorical rehearsals. He immediately commenced his recitation. The assistant approached to listen. When the speaker came to the phrase, "and smote him thus," he suited the action to the words, and served the unsuspecting attendant exactly like his prototype of old, "the circumcised dog." I have had my book and pencil snatched from my hand by one of our inmates, who, before it could be recovered, broke the one, and tore the other to pieces. A patient, who, after the lapse of thirty years, is still with us, once aimed a blow, with a carpenter's hammer which he happened to pick up, at the head of Dr. Wyman, who was standing with his back towards him, and a step or two below him. It crushed through the crown of his hat, and wounded his forehead, so that the blood flowed copiously. This patient, though generally harmless, I have heard express, with truly diabolical earnestness, the wish that he could have cut off the Superintendent's head, before he had drawn the first breath of life. A few years ago, a large jack-knife was found snugly concealed about his person, which he had probably also abstracted from a carpenter who had recently been at work.

A female, who had only been with us one day, broke a window, and, taking a triangular piece of the glass, concealed it in her hand, and came out and joined the Trustees and Dr. Bell. She watched her chance, and struck at the doctor's eye, but fortunately only slightly cut his cheek, just beneath it.—A patient, mad with delirium tremens, was brought to the institution. He was placed for a moment or two in a room where there was a bed ripped open, and in a process of being filled. He thrust into this bed a large horse-pistol, loaded with ball and primed. He was then forthwith removed to another apartment, nothing dangerous being found about him. The bed was finally filled up, and did service for a year or so; when one day this truly mysterious inmate was discovered. In view of these and similar incidents, a visitor cannot but feel a profound sentiment of wonder and admiration, alike at the entire fearlessness and self-possession of the officers, and at the quiet harmlessness of those who might, as it would seem, destroy life in an instant.

We turn now to the Hospital for the sick. Its advantages have been enjoyed by all,—the highest and the humblest. Every class in the community, alluded to in the circular letter of 1810 as likely to need its aid, has received it. Every profession and occupation in life has, from time to time, here had its representative. It is seldom that there are not in this institution several interesting patients, particularly among the children and females. I have known six or eight little girls made forgetful for the moment of all their ailments; and perfectly happy by a few glass toys, which altogether did not cost more than fifty cents. Many a lesson of patient endurance may be learned at our visits. Many a bright vision recurs to my imagination of sufferers who, by their truly Christian resignation and fortitude, through long, tedious months, warmly enlisted the sympathy and regard of all who saw them. By a general rule, incurable free-patients are, after a trial of three months, discharge-

ed to make room for cases of acute disease or recent accident. One free patient I recollect, a young girl who had been with us a year, hopelessly ill, and whom the Visiting Committee reluctantly discharged on this ground. She had no home, and was much distressed at the thought of her desolate situation. One of our number told her that she might remain, as long as she pleased, a pay-patient, at his expense. She gladly availed herself of this offer, and died among us more than a year afterwards; having been uniformly cheerful, and always grateful beyond expression for the benefits which the institution had conferred upon her.

A young and delicate woman, a mother, the wife of a mechanic in this city, seeing her child, of a few years old, in danger of being run over by a heavily loaded truck, threw herself on the ground before the approaching wheel, and succeeded in snatching her infant from certain death; but had her own arm terribly crushed in this heroic act, performed under the divine impulse of maternal affection. Her case excited universal interest. Every thing was done to relieve her anxiety about her little ones at home, as well as to alleviate her own sufferings. She was at last discharged without any danger of permanent injury resulting from her accident. My filial gratitude and obedience in coming years be her fitting, her all-sufficient reward! The spirit of self-sacrifice, thus shown in a humble station, would have adorned the highest. Our institution may well rejoice that it had the opportunity of giving aid and relief to so deserving an inmate.

One face of surpassing loveliness comes back to my remembrance. A patient young in years, but who had borne a large share of the ills of life, was received among us. She had buried husband and child, and was herself soon to follow them, a victim to consumption. With features whose regularity and beauty I have seldom seen equalled, and a brunette complexion through whose delicate tinge the hectic flush of disease was painfully visible, hers was always an expression of mingled vivacity and sweetness. No visitor could behold without emotion a being so bright and so graceful, standing all unconsciously on the very verge of the grave. She was poor; yet she did not remain many weeks in the Hospital. In a large ward there is unavoidably much to annoy and disturb an invalid. She longed for the loving presence of her who had cared for her childhood, for the quiet of her own home, "be it never so homely." And so she left us. But till her death she was attended, without charge, by one of the physicians of the institution; and the delicacies of the passing summer were daily procured for the gratification of one who was never to taste the fruits of another season. She was to the last a great sufferer.

"Beating heart and burning brow, ye are very patient now!"

One of the most distressing cases ever received within our walls was that of a lad from the Farm School. He had playfully attempted to swing, by means of an iron hook suspended from the ceiling, over a large open vessel of boiling water set in brickwork. His hands were burned by the hook; he involuntarily let go his hold, and fell into the water beneath; and the whole lower part of his body was frightfully scalded. His mother, one of the most experienced of nurses, was constantly with him in an apartment separated from all the other patients. He lingered for some time amid much pain and restlessness, till he was finally released. How vividly does that scene come again before me,—that remote room; that unfortunate boy, thus dying, as it were, by inches; and that devoted parent, who, through the wearisome days and the long nights, still hoped against hope, to be so grievously disappointed at last! Amid all my varied experience in connection with the Hospital, I can recall nothing more harrowing at the time, or more sad in the remembrance. And yet there is a melancholy satisfaction in that thought, that I have seen even that poor boy's eyes lighted up by a momentary gleam of pleasure at some slight act done to afford him consolation or relief.

A sweet little girl of seven years old, picking up chips in a basket in the Maine Railroad enclosure, was run over by a train of cars, and had her foot cut off. It was after the ether-discovery. While her limb was in the process of being amputated by the surgeons, visions of beauty and splendor seemed to pass before her mind's eye. She exclaimed, "What superb dresses! what elegant ear-rings!" After her limb was healed, I ascertained the time of a director's meeting of the Maine Railroad, and took the child there to argue her own

cause. In this instance at least, the maxim proved false, that "Corporations have no souls." They gave her case a kind and merciful consideration, granting three hundred dollars to be held in trust for her sole, personal use, at the discretion of the Superintendent and myself. Through the kindness of the Matron (Mrs. Girdler), it was even arranged that she should be allowed to live at the Hospital, to attend school in its vicinity, and finally become a seamstress in the establishment. A future of usefulness and happiness seemed secured for her. Her parents, however, were Irish. They over-persuaded her to return to them; at the same time, indeed, informing her that within twenty-four hours she would be hungry, cold, and dirty. That she left her adopted home was a source of deep regret to her protectors; but the trust specially assumed in her behalf will still be sacredly fulfilled.

One case is remembered which is probably unique in the history of the Hospital. An entire family, natives of Boston, husband and wife and three very pleasing young daughters, were admitted into the institution. The father died there. The others all recovered from the fever by which they had been simultaneously attacked and prostrated. The convalescent daughters visiting their mother, still very ill, in a distant ward, and she in her turn carried down to the ward beneath her own to see and converse for a few moments with a dying husband, were circumstances alike novel and interesting.

Two sisters from Maine,—bright, blooming girls,—domestics in this city, were admitted as fever-patients, and placed in adjoining beds. One, becoming quite seriously ill, was removed to a different ward, lest the other should suffer from anxiety on her account. The remaining sister became convalescent. The attending physician, on making his visit, expressed his pleasure at seeing her so much better, and, alluding to her diet, said, "Now, what is there to-day that you would most wish to have?" She looked up at him with great earnestness, and replied, "What I most wish is, that I could see my mother." A day or two afterwards, in answer to her earnest inquiries respecting her sister, she was inconsiderately told by one near her that her sister was dead. She was overwhelmed by the shock of this intelligence. A fatal relapse shortly afterwards ensued; not, however,—it is to be hoped,—the result of this indiscretion.

A young and beautiful girl from Salem, that city of fair faces, was admitted, suffering intense pain in the ball of her foot. A local disease of the bone was finally developed; and amputation was resorted to. Her firmness and uncomplaining gentleness were beyond all praise. She possessed a native refinement that rendered her highly attractive. The disease re-appeared on her return home; and she died there, some months afterwards, exhausted by protracted sufferings. A message of grateful remembrance was sent by the dying one to her friends in our institution; who, on their part, will assuredly never forget her lovely person, her interesting manners, and her sad fate.

A young girl, the daughter of a German clergyman of this city, and a teacher in his Sunday school, died among us, after a severe illness of but a few days. She was an edifying example of that equanimity and resignation with which the young and the happy are sometimes enabled to meet their approaching end. The funeral services were performed at the Hospital. There was quite a numerous attendance of her friends and fellow-worshippers. None could fail to be solemnly impressed by the touching and plaintive melody of their united voices, as they poured forth a hymn of sorrow and of triumph in their native tongue.

But there is also a cheerful side to the experiences of the Hospital. How delightful is it to see the pale cheek gradually regaining its color, and the feeble frame its strength; to witness the exhilaration of spirit resulting from returning health, the instantaneous relief from agony, the rescue from the very grasp of death! And joyful indeed to all beholders are the daily miracles of ether, that "sweet, oblivious antidote" to pain.

But a few years ago, and on one occasion of almost every week at the Hospital, deep groans of distress or sharp cries of agony penetrated into the innermost recesses of the building, and were often distinctly audible through the neighborhood. Now, the performance of the severest and gravest duties of the surgeon awakens only the faint murmur of a dreamy unconsciousness.

I will mention but one instance, perhaps

as striking as the lapse of coming years can ever produce. A young lady was admitted with a tumor extending from the upper to the under surface of the tongue, which it had become necessary to extirpate. Dr. Hayward administered ether. A steel hook was then inserted into the tongue, to prevent its being withdrawn by any involuntary muscular movement. Next the tumor was cut out. To stop the effusion of blood, a red-hot iron was then passed three successive times into the cavity, which was finally filled with a piece of sponge. The patient was then asked how she felt; and her reply was, "Very comfortable." She had known nothing of all that had been done. What would otherwise have been torture indescribable had been by her unfeeling. In a few days, she was well enough to leave us.

One young girl, of about seventeen, was long confined by a tedious and discouraging complaint. She was a universal favorite, and was at last discharged, well. A year or two afterwards, I saw her standing at the altar, in a church brilliantly lighted, a bride in all the bloom of youth and of renovated health and beauty. A former House Physician was there with me. Her recollections of the Hospital were so agreeable that she wished to have it represented on this, the most joyous occasion of her life. She was certainly one of the most interesting of all the "graduates" of our institution.

Several years ago, I passed my summer-months in the country, being dependent on an omnibus for my daily ride into the city. I was the first passenger called for. On one occasion, we stopped at a neighboring house. A young Irish girl was assisted by two of her countrymen into the vehicle. She was suffering from acute rheumatism. I asked her where she was going. She said to the Hospital. To my several questions, whether she had seen the Physician, or got any permit, and whether she had any means of paying her board, she replied in the negative. "How, then," said I, "do you expect to get into the Hospital?" She answered, "I trust in Providence." Now, by a singular coincidence, it happened that no one in the whole county except myself had power to give her the desired admission. I at once determined to do so, and thus to justify the trust which she had so confidently expressed. When, therefore, I left the vehicle, I told the driver to take her directly to the Hospital, giving a few lines to the Admitting Physician, which secured her reception on a free bed. She was cured in a few weeks, and was always known as the "Providential Patient."

Such, and so varied, is the experience of a Trustee in the discharge of his official duties. I will close this review by the mention of two incidents which occurred in 1846, interesting in themselves, and brought peculiarly within my notice as a member of the Visiting Committee. Of one of them I inserted the following account in a newspaper of the day:—"Died, at the Massachusetts General Hospital, July 25, after a painful illness of ten months, Angelo Lathwer, aged fifteen years. He was a small, interesting Italian lad, who had exhibited a white mouse in London, and afterwards in this city. Separated from home and kindred, his patience and gentleness won the regard of strangers. The sympathy of the officers and of the inmates of the institution showed itself in various little attentions and acts of kindness. One of the Trustees gave him a number of a recent English publication, which contained a representation of himself exhibiting a white mouse. He contemplated it with as much gratified ambition as Napoleon would have felt on viewing an engraving of the battle of Austerlitz. The day before he died, a beautiful, young white mouse was found in the garden of the Hospital, and brought to Angelo. He was delighted. The bitterness of death was for the moment forgotten. The night which followed was solemn and melancholy to all his fellow-sufferers, as they listened to his touching ejaculations: 'I cannot die! I am afraid to die! I want my mother!' But the weary one was soon to be at rest;—

"For when the morn came, dim and sad,  
And chill with early showers,  
His quiet eyelids closed: he had  
Another morn than ours."

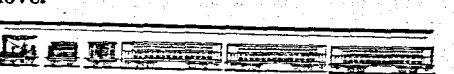
One of the attendants at the Hospital, a young girl with a sunny face, a kind heart, and agreeable manners, the very picture of health and beauty, was, in the spring of the same year, attacked by a cough, which, in a few weeks, was ascertained to be attended with disease of the lungs. She did not wish to go to her distant home. She declined availing herself of the opportunity of breathing the purer air of a neighboring country-town. She preferred to die among those who, for the several last years, had been her companions, and amid the scenes of her recent labors. The Trustees, at the close of the quarter, directed that she should be paid in full; though, for the last half of the time, she had been wholly unable to perform her duties. I witnessed her gratitude at this expression of interest on the part of the Board. On the morning of the fourth of July, I left the gay and happy scenes of the Floral Festival at the Warren-street Chapel, and walked to the Hospital to see her. She had just died. The companions

who, throughout her illness, had watched over her with the utmost tenderness and assiduity, had now completed their sad offices. She was clad in the white robes of death. Grapes, which were to be tasted by other lips than hers, lay upon the table. Flowers were there, to whose fragrance she was insensible. All traces of suffering and illness had passed away from her countenance, which had resumed its habitual serenity. The struggles of worn and exhausted nature were at last over. She rested—

"—as sweetly as a child,  
Whom neither thought disturb or care encumbers,

Tired with long play, at close of summer day  
Lies down, and slumbers."

We gathered around her beside in silence. The scene formed a truly striking contrast with that which I had just left. But it was not a painful one. "For," thought I, "what more could have been done for that poor girl, even by the hands of sisters beneath the domestic roof? Truly, on this occasion at least, the Hospital has well performed its mission of kindness and love."



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